

The Critic

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Literature

Saintsbury's "Essays in English Literature"*

MR. SAINTSBURY is one of those joyless yet discriminating critics who in spite of their joylessness—and discrimination—write an agreeable page of criticism now and then, though unqualified admiration is not their forte. The eighty years of English literature comprised in this new volume of his range from the homely thumb-nail sketches of Crabbe through the vainglorious vauntings of the Ettrick Shepherd, the boisterous gayety of Sydney Smith, the sentimentalities of Tom Moore, on through a varied gamut of Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Peacock, Wilson, De Quincey, Lockhart, Præd and Borrow.

It will be noted that this list touches chiefly minor figures, not to say *figurines*, of the period 1780-1860. Olympian heads peep out of the clouds only here and there to smile upon these *dii minores* and nod them condescending applause. But the minor good things of this world are none the less good because they are minor; and Mr. Saintsbury has picked out many an intellectual delicacy for us in his discursive and allusive fashion which we might have overlooked but for him. Occasionally, indeed, he has the knack of taking a bit of fossil ivory and saturating it with color so that it turns out a beautiful turquoise—liable to fade indeed, under the pressure of light and heat, but charming for the time being. Thus, he almost persuades us, in spite of his innumerable qualifying phrases, to believe that George Borrow, the prince of gypsies and lover of wild creatures generally, was a writer of the first order. He has a weakness for Thomas Moore, too, and his voluble lyrics, more particularly, it would seem, because the rather dismal Sundays of his youth were passed in reading 'Lalla Rookh' and Scott and Southey's 'Doctor'—more fortunate than Dr. Johnson with his acute reminiscences of 'The Whole Duty of Man' on similar unforgettable Sabbaths. Of Sydney Smith the author writes almost genially, with a shadowy smile that passes transiently across frozen lips but still leaves an impression of disapprobation on the reader's mind.

In the 'De Quincey' he touched the aching nerves of family sensitiveness and provoked an indignant protest from Mrs. Smith, De Quincey's daughter, to whom in an appendix he apologizes with more cruelty than that exhibited by the original offense. One may kneel like Ravallac and yet inflict a mortal stab. In Jeffrey he sees much to admire, not the subtlety or depth of Coleridge or Hazlitt, not the sweetness or quaintness of Lamb, but a faculty of judging art and men with extraordinary insight, true judicial function, unmatched clearness, as in his criticism of the 'really puerile and conceited rubbish' of Byron's 'Hours of Idleness.' Hazlitt, in his opinion, was the unrivalled literary *causeur* whose *causeries* in their keenness and brightness are second only to Ste.-Beuve's, a stringer of unstrung pearls more anxious about the pearls than about the logical string upon which they danced, his whole charm consisting in the succession of irregular, half-connected but unending and infinitely variegated thoughts, fancies, phrases, quotations

which he pours from abundant memory and crystallizing imagination. In this he resembles Emerson, or the rich anthologies of Greece, in which an epigram of Simonides is followed by a distich of Plato or a nightingale-whisper of Meleager; closed, it may be, with some exquisite inscription over the graves of those that fell at Marathon. Mr. Saintsbury almost warms to this cold Englishman, 'with his enthusiastic appreciation flecked with spots of grudging spite.'

One is thankful to him for recalling the life and works of Peacock and for lingering over his gifts of satire and creative power,—a writer whose Apollonian rays were reflected on Bacchic dew. Few people know anything about 'Headlong Hall,' 'Nightmare Abbey' or 'Crotchet Castle,' or the remarkable poem of 'Rhododaphne.' Of Wilson, who never did anything until he hid himself behind the *umbra* (or *umbrella*) of 'Christopher North,' Mr. Saintsbury says really good words—a writer not exquisite but engaging, healthy, happy, recreative, full of faults, yet of faults overbalanced by fascinating virtues. In him it is difficult to tell the shining *pyrites* from real gold; but no one cares to apply chemical tests to things that give delight: enough that they are delightful.

Thus, through four hundred pages or so, a man who is almost an artist plays upon the harp-strings (never upon the heart strings) of memory, of reading, of experience, of varied and deep learning, for our amusement and instruction; always so cautiously and critically as to be tip toe-ing on egg-shells and affording one, if delight at all, a perilous delight.

Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon"*

AN ELEGANT EDITION of this posthumous work from the pen of the author of 'Tom Jones,' printed in the exquisite style of the Chiswick Press, and limited to five hundred numbered copies, has just appeared. Austin Dobson furnishes an introduction and notes; and the portrait of Fielding by Hogarth is reproduced from Bassire's engraving of 1763 as a frontispiece to the volume.

The 'Journal' was first published in 1755, and was reprinted the same year, with no change in title-page but with the addition of some passages that had been suppressed in the original issue. The editor proves conclusively that the longer form was the later one, though this has sometimes been doubted. It is in no sense a masterpiece, being written at sea and by an invalid, 'who had so completely lost the use of his limbs that he had to be hoisted like a dead weight over the ship's side at Rotherhithe, and carried helplessly in a chair across the treacherous mud-flats at Ryde, who was enfeebled by disease, broken by want of sleep, and embarrassed by every kind of personal discomfort.' The marvel is that he could write at all, and far more that he should write with such vigor and vivacity. He knows his condition, as sundry quiet touches prove. In a storm he writes that it would have alarmed a man 'who had either not learnt what it is to die, or known what it is to be miserable.' Nevertheless, as Mr. Dobson remarks, 'a fresh face or a new sensation makes the old fire flame up once more, and he writes as if he had not a care in the world.'

The minute description of the voyage gives one an idea of that kind of travel in the middle of the last century, and Fielding's comments upon it are shrewd and humorous. The absolute subjection of the passenger to his conveyer is amusingly dwelt upon—'a perfect resignation both of soul and body to the disposal of another,' but not more so than to a stage-coachman on land, 'a tyrant who, in a free country, is as absolute as a Turkish bashaw.' The boozy recreation of the sailors in port suggests a new interpretation of the allegory of Circe. He supposes 'Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good alewife who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days.' The transformation into swine follows naturally enough. Elsewhere he eulogizes the good behavior of

* Essays in English Literature: 1780-1860. By George Saintsbury. 2s. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon. By Henry Fielding. Edited by Austin Dobson. 2s. Macmillan & Co.

sailors at sea. 'In their own element, there are no persons near the level of their degree who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities.' The captain of the ship and various other characters he meets are sketched with a skill that reminds us of the best work in the novels. But after all the chief interest of the book is the insight we get into the character of the man himself. Lowell says:— 'We may read Fielding's character clearly in his books, but especially in his "Voyage to Lisbon," where he reveals it in artless inadvertence.'

A fragment of a 'Comment on Lord Bolingbroke's Essays,' appended to the original issue of the 'Voyage,' is reproduced in this edition also.

Adams's "Christopher Columbus" *

THE LATE PRESIDENT of Cornell University prefaces his biography of Columbus by an ill-advised attack on Washington Irving, whom he accuses of purposed untruthfulness. In this as in other points he follows, without due consideration, the unfortunate example set by Mr. Winsor in his recent volume on the subject. The ground of the attack is a misapprehension of the meaning of a passage which occurs near the close of the fifth chapter of the First Book of Irving's Life of Columbus. After giving some striking instances of attempts made by certain writers of early days to tarnish the glory of the great discoverer by adducing stories to show that he had derived his ideas about the lands which he pretended to discover from the information of persons who had previously visited them—stories which were afterwards proved to have no foundation whatever—Irving goes on to condemn, in terms certainly not very happy, that pretense of 'learned research' which originated and continued to propagate such slanders; and he adds, very justly, 'Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition.' If Dr. Adams had asked himself the simple question, 'How can an accused person be vindicated except by showing the falsity of the accusations made against him?', he would have seen that Irving's demand was really for careful and truthful investigation. It should be added that no instance has ever been pointed out in any historical work of Irving in which he has departed in the slightest degree, either in statement or comment, from the exact truth as it was known when he wrote. In honesty of intention he is as unimpeachable as Gibbon or Motley or Freeman. Mr. Winsor and Dr. Adams, in their intimations to the contrary, have done their illustrious countryman a grave injustice, which cannot fail to recoil on their own heads.

Equal ill-judgment is shown in their attacks on Columbus himself. Our criticism must combine the two works, for the later is really little more than a reflection and sometimes an almost servile transcript of the earlier publication, which has already been noticed in these pages. In one respect it must be admitted that the work of Dr. Adams is decidedly superior to that which he has taken for his model. His good taste and scholarly instincts have prevented him from disfiguring his pages with the coarse vituperation which in those of his exemplar has excited so much surprise at home and derision abroad; but the defective judgment which led him to accept the conclusions of such an authority is none the less apparent throughout. Thus when he, like his predecessor, censures Columbus for insisting on such lofty terms from the Spanish sovereigns, we are not told of 'an arrogant spirit' or of 'a plebeian nature and sordid cravings,' but merely of 'a stupendous mistake.' He argues that the demands of Columbus to be made admiral or viceroy, and to be allowed the tenth part of all gains derived from either trade or conquest, were such as must necessarily, if granted, yield too great a 'temptation to exercise these powers for the oppression of a barbarous people.' But this objection mistakes the situation altogether. There is nothing to show

that Columbus, when he made these demands, had any expectation of coming in contact with a barbarous people. On the contrary, his avowed object and expectation were to reach directly the splendid empires of China and Japan and the other kingdoms of 'Farther India,' which at that time surpassed, not only in wealth but in many points of civilization, the foremost countries of Europe. That he should approach these mighty states not as a poor and humble adventurer, but as the vice-regal representative of a great western power, with full authority to deal with their rulers on terms of equality, was absolutely essential to his success; and not less important was it that he should have the means of keeping up the state belonging to his position.

It may be confidently affirmed that every allegation in this biography injurious to the good judgment and the moral rectitude of Columbus can be shown to have originated in some similar misunderstanding. This assertion is, of course, not intended to apply to those acts, such as his dealings with the natives, which were in consonance with the opinions of his age, but are condemned by the stricter morality and larger humanity of our own. But even in regard to these acts the unsoundness and inconsistency of the biographer's reasonings are apparent at a glance. While admitting that 'nothing can be more unjust than to bring to the judgment of the present age a man whose activities were exerted amid surroundings and influences that have long since passed away,' Prof. Adams, in the very next sentence, declares that to refrain from committing this monstrous injustice would be 'unsafe!' He thereupon forthwith commits it. He inquires whether the 'life and work' of Columbus were consciously and purposely so directed as to 'tend to the elevation of mankind'; and because all the acts of his hero will not stand this modern test—a test which no philosopher or theologian had dreamed of until at least two centuries after the time of Columbus,—his biographer condemns him utterly.

The plain truth is that the great qualities and achievements of Columbus, which have drawn to him the admiration of the civilized world, were distinctly his own. His faults, which no one has ever sought to disguise, were those of his time. This is the verdict of all the eminent historical and scientific inquirers, from Humboldt and Irving to Prescott and Fiske, who have dealt with the subject. A few well-meaning investigators, unhappily deficient in the historical spirit, and constantly displaying their incapacity for discerning the true significance of the facts which they record, have lately sought to disturb this verdict. The discussions which their efforts will provoke can only have the result which Irving desired to bring about in similar cases,—the 'vindication of the great name' which they assail and the discomfiture of the assailants.

Guides to Western and Northern Canada *

THE COURSE OF SUMMER travel for health and sport on this side of the Atlantic, as in Europe, is setting constantly more and more to the north. Canada and Alaska are becoming to American what the Scottish Highlands and Scandinavia are to English tourists. Recent publications show the setting of this tide. Last year we had occasion to notice the admirable Guide-Book of the Appletons for Eastern Canada, prepared by Prof. Roberts. The companion book for Western Canada, by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, is, as might be expected, in every way equal to its predecessor. The volume embraces the peninsular and northern regions of Ontario, the 'Tour of the Great Lakes,' the Canadian Northwest, and the Pacific Coast, with the trip to Alaska. The variety of information required in a guide-book for a territory of such extent is very great, and the clearness and completeness with which it is presented are highly creditable to the author. Mr. Ingersoll's attainments as a natur-

* Christopher Columbus: His Life and Work. By Charles Kendall Adams, LL.D. \$1. (Makers of America.) Dodd, Mead & Co.

* 1. The Canadian Guide-Book. Part II. Western Canada. By Ernest Ingersoll. \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co. 2. The Barren Ground of Northern Canada. By Warburton Pike. \$2. Macmillan & Co.

alist are known from his former publications, as well as his familiarity with the American West and his powers of lively and graphic description; but his present work shows, like the volume by Prof. Roberts, that scientific studies and literary tastes do not exclude a talent for business in its minutest details. The various routes, the modes of conveyance, the hotel charges, and other items useful to travellers, are carefully given, together with as much historical information and local description as the subject calls for. There are lists of books which the tourist can consult by way of preparation for his trip, and from which some useful extracts are occasionally given. In passing along the Great Lakes we are not allowed to forget that the genius of Longfellow has cast a glamor over the scenery; and the author naturally abstains from repressing his readers' enthusiasm by the uncalled-for information that the real Hiawatha was not a mythical Ojibway hero of the far Northwest, but an authentic Iroquois chieftain and lawgiver of the New York 'Five Nations.' By a mistake, apparently due to some authority whom he quotes but does not name, he describes the interesting Indians of the picturesque 'Kootenay country' of British Columbia as members of the Salish stock, whereas they belong to a totally distinct and peculiar race, with special characteristics well worth studying. Such oversights are rare, and the book in general is as trustworthy as it is agreeably written. The many well-engraved pictures add much to its attraction; and the numerous maps, large and small, will be constantly useful.

A vast region of the far north, extending between Hudson Bay on the east and British Columbia and Alaska on the west, is not included in this guide-book. It is doubtless regarded as lying beyond the limit of ordinary travel, as in fact it does. There are, however, adventurous spirits to whom its very remoteness and its difficulties will be attractions; and for these the work of Mr. Warburton Pike, rather dismally entitled 'The Barren Ground of Northern Canada' will afford good instruction and example. Mr. Pike is an English gentleman and sportsman, possessing the hardihood, high spirits and indomitable perseverance of his class. In June, 1889, he left Calgary, the busy young metropolis of the Canadian Northwest, for a long winter trip through this far northern country, with the special object of shooting that rarest and grandest object of the American hunter's ambition, the Arctic musk-ox. He had also the laudable desire of adding something to our imperfect knowledge of a peculiarly wild and only half-explored region. With the aid of a few reckless and quarrelsome half-breeds and some better-natured Indians of the Athabaskan stock, a team of dogs, and three birch-bark canoes, he succeeded in both objects, and brought back, with numerous trophies of the chase, much information that will be useful to future adventurers. He slew many musk-oxen and many hundreds of the caribou, or American reindeer, which abound in enormous herds, and are to the natives of that region what the buffalo formerly were to the tribes further south—the chief reliance for food, clothing and house. Concerning these animals and the smaller game the author gives many particulars; and he has much to tell of the Hudson Bay trading forts and people, the honest and friendly Indians, the surly and shifty half-castes, with their lives of alternating hardship and lazy enjoyment, and the dreary country, attractive to the hunter in its very desolation by its promise of perpetual sport and adventure. He penetrated nearly to the Arctic circle, and in the following year made a desperate attempt to cross the Rocky Mountains by the difficult Peace River route into northern British Columbia. In this attempt he was baffled, and he and his whole party barely escaped death by starvation.

Mr. Pike's work is well written, in an easy and unpretending style. There are no illustrations except two imperfect maps, which rather perplex than aid the reader. An interesting appendix, by Dr. G.M. Dawson, the distinguished Canadian geologist and explorer, gives a noteworthy account

of 'some of the largest unexplored regions of Canada.' We learn from this excellent authority the rather surprising fact that of the nearly three and a half millions of square miles which make up the Canadian Dominion, about a million are virtually unexplored. These almost unknown regions comprise several tracts larger than England. Most of them doubtless abound in animal life, tempting to the sportsman, and they are not without promise of mineral wealth and other resources which may prove useful in the world's progress. Here is certainly an ample field for the enterprise of courageous explorers within the limits of our own continent.

Mr. Curtis on Mr. Lowell *

THE TWENTY-SECOND of February is responsible for two great events in American politics and literature—the birth of Washington and the birth of James Russell Lowell, two of the most eminent citizens of the united Commonwealths. The greatness of their conception of citizenship, indeed, is the keynote of Mr. George William Curtis's 'James Russell Lowell: An Address,' delivered before the Brooklyn Institute on Feb. 22 last, and afterwards repeated in New York,—an address full of delightful words and sentences and parallelisms about Massachusetts and Virginia as typified by the great Cavalier and the witty and accomplished Puritan. Whatever Mr. Curtis speaks or writes is worthy of the charmed attention which his fine literary gift always receives, whether as orator or editor. When he speaks and writes of so congenial a theme as Lowell, the result is one of those exquisite little essays in which an eloquent portrait is enshrined as in a Louis Seize miniature or on the lid of a snuff-box encircled with brilliants, the brilliants being his sparkling sayings. The occasion of his address on Lowell was the establishment by Augustus Graham in 1848 of an annual address to be delivered on Feb. 22, in Brooklyn, on the character of Washington or 'of some other benefactor of America.' Interpreting this elastic permission in his own generous fashion, Mr. Curtis seized the opportunity of lifting even more into the light the luminous facts of Lowell's career, the career of the ideal citizen worthy of the conception of Sir Thomas More, of the ambassador, scholar, poet, wit, patriot, and independent voter. Lowell himself, but for his untimely death, was to have summoned from the dead on that very day the august figure of Washington. Mr. Curtis took his place, concluding his beautiful eulogy thus:—'There are men whose lives are a glorious service and whose memories are a benediction. Among that great company of patriots let me, to day, reverently and gratefully, blend the name of Lowell with that of Washington.' There are misprints on pp. 22, 35, and 44. The six portraits form an interesting study.

"Don Finimondone" †

'DON FINIMONDONE' was a Calabrian kill-joy, always prophesying evil and the end of the world. Hence his nickname. Whoever wishes to read a good story, well told, quite in the manner of the old *fabliaux*, should read how he disguised himself as devil and threw a gloom over the carnival by hinting his intimate knowledge of all his neighbors' peccadilloes, until his daughter Filomena, recognizing him by certain patches which she had sewn on the knees of his trousers, recommended him to go learn of himself, in his capacity of head of a household, how to play the part properly. Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, to whom we owe our acquaintance with this delightful old skinflint, introduces us also to a procession of other quaint characters, very real for all their showy Italian virtues and vices. There is Cirillo, the frog-catcher, born a baron, and who knows it, yet who will not claim his own because he has promised his foster-mother not to publish her fraud. There is the Calabrian

* James Russell Lowell: An Address. By George William Curtis. 30 cts. (Black and White Series.) Harper & Bros.
† Don Finimondone. By Elizabeth Cavazza. 75 cts. (Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series.) Charles L. Webster & Co.

Penelope who forces her husband, returned from South America, to put a bullet through her wedding-ring, held in her hand, the only proof that will convince her of his identity; there are the women who carry ice on their heads, bound in rush mats and sheepskins, from the ravines in the mountains down to the city; the shepherd who suddenly appears from behind a rock, with his pipe, to play to them, while they lay down their burdens and dance; and Donna Rosina, a 'great piece of a woman' like a purple cabbage, who in her day was the belle of the village, and who spoiled her own funeral in an extraordinary way. Even the tomtits and the grasshoppers, in these stories, have character and chirp and wag their tails after a fashion of their own. The Madonna del Carmine, to whom the villagers pray for success, is able to make 'any ten other Madonnas run away with lifted legs.'

In general, the tales concern such humble folk as peasants and their donkeys, parish priests and proprietors of puppet-shows. But, as Theocritus sketched his Syracusan dames, Mrs. Cavazza paints the likeness of the Neapolitan great folk in 'Princess Humming-bird'; and the same light touch that puts before us the gypsy, 'Nastasia, in her tinsel finery, or Pina weeding in the furrows, answers as well for their superiors, who revile Christoforo Columbo for letting loose on them the American heiress with the boddice of humming-bird's feathers. The conclusion of this last tale reminds one a little of Hawthorne, but one need not take that as an injury. In fact, seeing that the book puts us in mind of what is best only, in idyl and story, we are open to discuss the question whether its place is not somewhere in Hawthorne's neighborhood—whether, smacking, as it does, of fat olives and black wine, it may not claim standing-room on the shelf beside Leigh Hunt's 'Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla.'

"Persia and the Persian Question"

IN THESE two imposing volumes, which seem to exhaust the whole subject, the Under-Secretary of the British Foreign Office tells us of the Land of the Lion and the Sun. An encyclopedia of facts treating of one of the most ancient if not most interesting of countries, the book is nevertheless a campaign document, being evidently compiled in readiness for the next war between Great Britain and Russia. In the eyes of the English author and politician, the 'question' is the main thing in view. One can easily read the writer's thoughts between the lines that give the driest or the juiciest information. Is Persia to become another India, another Kohinoor in the British crown? or is it to add brilliancy to the necklace of Russia?

The book is the result of three years of almost uninterrupted labor, and of a six months' journey in Persia. It is one for the library or special student. It belongs on the same shelf with Rein's 'Japan,' Williams's 'Middle Kingdom' and Hurst's 'Indika.' It furnishes the historian, statesman, archæologist, commercial and military student and intending traveller with the facts he will need. It aims at nothing less than to show what are the first and last things said and done concerning the Shah's dominions. It is a guide through a forest of books, both deathless and ephemeral. For example, it gives a conspectus of the travellers in Persia from 900 to 1891, whose works have been issued in any European tongue. One whole chapter tells of ways and means for him who expects to see as well as to read. The first volume treats in lucid style, and with abundant literary and pictorial illustration, of those subjects usually comprised in a blue-book or statesman's manual. In the second, we enter into classic regions, and the lover of ancient literature and poetry finds more enjoyment. He renews pleasing acquaintance with names that are immortal and universal as well as Persian. It is almost amusing to find among these long chapters one on the Persian navy. This chapter is expanded, rather than com-

pressed, into nine pages, showing that this branch of the national defense consists chiefly of a harbor-launch and the Shah's yacht. The final chapters treat luminously of trade, and of the British and Russian policy in this weak country of mountains and deserts. Of the richness of maps, illustrations, tabulated information, and all the furniture that makes a good book, it is not necessary to speak. They are of the best. Of the multifariousness of the subjects treated, it is equally needless to tell. Unless it be some one who is compiling a history of the evolution of pin-heads, or digesting the final philosophy of the mottling in lapis-lazuli, the buyer or reader will be satisfied. We cannot but see that all persons interested will find here an answer to their inquiries, however numerous, about things in Persia. The work is a solid monument of learning, and must for years to come be the standard book on the theme so broadly and profoundly treated.

Poetry and Verse

A SMALL VOLUME of simple and unpretentious verse is 'Summer Fallow,' by Mr. Charles Buxton Going. The author has a happy way of turning a rhyme, and his verses show that he has a quick appreciation of the common beauties in nature, and is fond of celebrating them in song. Occasionally he fails to make his lines quite sensible: for instance,

And he thinks of the touch of her wind-kissed hair
has more sentiment about it than sense. In pieces like 'A Meeting' and 'Unfulfilled' the pathos is not unlike artificial flowers at a funeral; while in other and gayer moods he makes 'Luella' rhyme with 'tell her,' and 'court' with 'naught,' thus bringing sorrow into the realm of joy. But there is enough in this little book to prove that Mr. Going has the gift of song. 'Where She Comes,' which appeared first in *Scribner's*, is altogether pleasing. We are glad to think of Mr. Going as coming. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE SECOND and concluding volume of 'The Lover's Year-Book of Poetry,' by Mr. Horace Parker Chandler, has recently been published, and its contents exhibit the same liberal editorship that was shown in its predecessor. The pair is an attractive one. Lovers into whose hands these encouragements may come will appreciate Mr. Chandler's labor. It was a happy thought, and is well carried out. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

'VOICES AND UNDERTONES,' a book of 150 pages, and 'A Song of Trust,' a pamphlet of 40, contain verses by Mr. William P. McKenzie who, we regret to notice, advertises his academic degree on the title pages. That he is a Bachelor of Arts signifies nothing so far as his verse is concerned. The 'songs and poems' in these two volumes exhibit quite a little metrical skill, and most of them are marked by a genuine earnestness and sincerity of thought and feeling, and have a religious atmosphere about them. Some of the descriptive lyrics of nature are pleasing in fancy and expression. In general, the character of the work is good, though not up to the standard set by the author's fellow-singers in Canada, such as Carman, Lampman, Roberts and Scott. (\$1.25. Toronto: Hart & Co.)—NO LOVER of children or of good literature is likely to forget Robert Louis Stevenson's charming book, 'A Child's Garden of Verse.' That many of these poems were suitable for music was at once obvious. In 'A Child's Garland of Songs,' C. Villiers Stanford, the well-known English composer, has set several of them to melodies that are simple and attractive. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)—MR. A. W. VERITY'S 'Milton's Paradise Lost, Books XI. and XII.,' is on the same plan as his other editions of selections from Milton previously commended by us. The introduction is scholarly and judicious, while the notes are exhaustive on metrical, lexicographical, and rhetorical matters. The book is brought out in the faultless style of the Pitt Press at Cambridge, Macmillan & Co being the American agents.

THE VERSE of the late Josiah Dean Canning has been collected into a book under the title of 'Connecticut River Reeds'—'blown by the Peasant Bard.' The author, who was a New England farmer, had a great facility in making rhymes. Most of his songs depict the scenes and incidents in rural life with more or less success. His writing is always spontaneous and interesting, and we have no doubt that this collection will find great favor among the good people who knew him. (\$1.25. Boston: J. G. Cupples.)—MORE 'Rural Legends and Lyrics' are by Mr. Arthur E. Smith, whose portrait faces the title-page. Mr. Smith is a young man who evidently finds the making of verse a pleasant pastime.

* Persia and the Persian Question. By the Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P. 2 vols. 8rs. Longmans, Green & Co.

He has much to learn about the poet's art—pretty much everything, in fact. For his future education as a bard this volume will be of service in showing what not to do. (John B. Alden.)—*GIACOMO: A Venetian Tale* is a drama in two scenes, written in blank-verse by Mr. William Cushing Bamburgh, and privately printed for the author.—*THE STORY OF 'PERSEUS'*, told in octosyllabic verse by Mr. Walter L. Scott, and *ab longo intervallo* in the manner of the original Walter Scott, makes a book of forty-four pages. This, too, seems to be a privately printed volume. (New York.)—*POEMS*, by Mr. George Murray, is a book not so big as its title. It contains the kind of verse a young writer ought to keep in his portfolio. (New York.)—*THE CITY OF THE SEVEN HILLS* is an illustrated poem by H. Grat-tan Guinness, D.D., F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., and seems to be an attack on Roman Catholic institutions. The illustrations are very good; the verse is pentameter and repentameter—couplets; and the appendix contains a great deal of historical information in the line of substantiating the writer's charges. Queer book, this. (\$1. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Minor Notices

'SCHOOLS AND MASTERS of Fence', by Egerton Castle, M.A., is a revised edition with some new illustrations of what may be called the only standard work on its subject. Mr. Castle recounts the history of the sword and the teachers of sword-play from the middle ages, when the principals of the art were better exemplified by peasants with their cudgels than by knights with their immense two-handed weapons, down to the present day when fencing has become perfect and perfectly useless. Between these two extremes came the renaissance with its rapier and dagger, and the eighteenth century with its small sword. The practice of the former was elegant, vicious and fantastic, like the taste of the period in everything else; that of the latter precise and gentlemanly, but none the less effective. The art, as now practised, is a development of small-sword fencing, but idealized, as it were, into a harmless game having no relation to actual warfare, private or public. Mr. Castle draws many curious illustrations from old books on fencing, of which he gives an ample bibliography, and, at the end, half a dozen plates of swords from famous collections. (\$2. Macmillan & Co.)—*INFORMATION* of value to those members of the fair sex who are interested in riding will be found in 'C. De Hurst's' pretty little volume entitled 'How Women Should Ride.' One is apt to be impressed with the idea that the author's main object has been to write a book; yet it must be conceded that good advice is given upon many points, and that a conscientious, if not entirely successful, effort has been made to avoid the maze of insignificant details and technicalities in which the salient features of treatises upon the subject of riding are frequently lost. Language a trifle less 'horsey' would have been in better taste, and a little judicious condensation and avoidance of repetition, though somewhat diminishing the size of the book, would have increased its value. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

MISS MARY S. THOMPSON'S 'Rhythmical Gymnastics' is a little book which sets forth the advantages of exercise without apparatus, and pays especial attention to such exercises as will benefit the vocal organs. It is undoubtedly true that muscular symmetry and grace can be attained without apparatus, a fact which meets with its most practical recognition in the 'setting-up' exercises of the Army and Navy. It is also beyond question that this method of development produces better results in endurance and in general health than short and violent exercise with heavy weights. It is a question, however, whether great muscular power can be acquired without the employment of resistance. For the average man and for all women uncommon muscular strength is not a *sine qua non*. For all such persons Miss Thompson's book will be found to contain valuable suggestions. Its chief fault is that it is not complete in itself, but requires the possession of another volume to which it constantly refers. (Edgar S. Werner.)—*MASCAGNI's* passionate little opera, 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' has been published with the original Italian text of Targioni-Tozzetti and G. Menasci, supplemented by an English version, the work of James C. Macy. This is not the place for further comment on the opera itself, but cordial commendation may be awarded the translator for the general smoothness and accuracy of his work. Those who wish to make selections from the opera to sing with English words will find this a useful edition. 'L'Amico Fritz,' by the same composer, has been furnished with an English translation by Willard G. Day. This translation will answer for those who do not read Italian, but it cannot be commended for lyric quality. (Oliver Ditson Co.)—MR. JOHN P. JACKSON, who has long been known as an industrious translator

of Wagner's opera-books, has put forth his translation of 'Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg.' The author's endeavor to preserve the original metres throughout, thus making his text available for use with the music, is commendable on utilitarian grounds; but undoubtedly he would have achieved higher literary merit had he allowed himself freedom in rhythm. (John P. Jackson.)

VOL. IX. OF THE new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' includes all articles from 'Round' to 'Swansea.' Dr. Joseph Anderson writes on the Irish 'Round Towers,' Henry Lee Warner on Rugby and Prince Kropotkin on Russia, under many sub-headings, with a colored map of the European provinces and a shaded map showing the growth of the empire. Bramwell Booth describes the Salvation Army, its aims and methods, Andrew Lang criticises Sir Walter Scott, John Struthers writes about Sloyd, Theodore Watts tells us what constitutes a sonnet; and H. D. Traill chats of Laurence Sterne. Among the articles copyrighted in the United States are those on 'Russia,' 'St. Louis,' 'St. Paul,' 'San Francisco' and 'South Carolina'; and those on 'Sheridan' and 'Sherman,' written by James Grant Wilson, on 'Shelley' and 'Shakespeare,' by Prof. Dowden, and on 'Spain,' 'Spiritualism,' 'Silk' and 'Sugar.' The pictorial illustrations are good, and, seemingly, for the most part, new. Among them are a colored plate of spectra of various gases, illustrations of modern silk-weaving and silver-working apparatus, and storm charts of north-western Europe. In consulting the first nine volumes of this new issue of the Encyclopædia we have never been disappointed, so far as we recollect, in finding precisely what we were in quest of. (\$3. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'SLAVERY IN THE District of Columbia' is ably and luminously treated by Mary Wemain, M.A., in No. 2 of the Seminary Papers in the Departments of History and Economics of the University of Nebraska. It outlines the story of the first introduction of human chattels, the policy of Congress and the struggle for abolition. The discussion is made upon the basis of original documents, but is also enlivened by many interesting anecdotes and incidents. The part which the Quakers played in the agitation is ably shown, and the particular moral quality of the various phases of anti-slavery opinion is judiciously appraised. Incidentally, it is shown that the majority of the inhabitants of the District itself were indifferent to the matter, and that the struggle was one of the whole country, not for the sake of the District, but of the country. The monograph is a fine specimen of strong and honest original work presented in excellent style. It deserves an honorable place in the literature of the great controversy now happily over. It is also another object-lesson and argument showing the abilities of women in the field of American history. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—*'MANHATTAN: Historic and Artistic'*, by Carolyn Faville Ober and Cynthia M. Westover, is a new guide-book that aims to show how the sights of New York can be seen in six mornings and afternoons. These itineraries will doubtless be found convenient to strangers—even if the editors do show an inordinate interest in the paintings to be seen in the shops of certain enterprising jewelers. Of the five things to be done on one's third morning in New York, the first two are to visit the shops in question and admire the paintings there displayed. (50 cts. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

DANTE AND BEATRICE reappear with the immortal hyphen between their names in a little study by Prof. L. F. Mott, who like a faithful sleuth-hound traces the growth and final apotheosis of their love through the 'Vita Nuova' and the fiery circles of Purgatory to ultimate Paradise, not leaving the celestial story till it culminates in the last blessed canto of the matchless poem, under the light of 'the love that moves the sun and the other stars.' Its meandering course any lay-reader can follow in the clear fields of Norton's, Longfellow's, and Rossetti's translations, where everything lies revealed as plainly as the All Hallowe'en future in a tumbler of crystal water. Such studies as these are very useful summaries, the work of devotees under the spell of a special worship. (William R. Jenkins.)—A LITTLE BOOK entitled 'Direct Legislation by the People,' by Nathan Cree, advocates the restriction of representative government as much as possible by giving the whole mass of voters power to initiate legislation and also to decide all important legislative questions by popular vote. The means for attaining the proposed end are set forth in some detail, and the author makes as good an argument as he can in favor of the scheme; but we doubt if he will gain support from intelligent men. The only point of much importance that he is able to bring against the representative system is that it leads to the dominance of party, and makes party spirit too strong; but he overlooks the fact that the people themselves are responsible for party tyranny, which could not exist for a day without their approval. For our part we

can see no merit whatever in the proposed system of direct legislation, which would keep the nation in a perpetual political turmoil and would lead politicians, even more than is their wont at present, to enact measures which they did not approve in the hope of winning popular sanction and popular applause. The kind of government under which the Anglo-Saxon race has prospered and progressed so well ought not to be changed without more cogent reasons than have yet been given. (75 cts. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

'A TRAMP ACROSS THE CONTINENT' was undertaken 'for fun' by Mr. C. F. Lummis in 1884, and judging from his book he got plenty of what he was after. He started from Cincinnati, so that he did not exactly measure the breadth of these United States with his legs; but he did a pretty fair stretch of 3500 miles to Los Angeles. He did not find much worth recording, it appears, until he got about half way across Missouri, where robbers, amateur and professional, cropped out plentifully. The fun grew fast and furious when he got among the Rockies, where there was trout-fishing and antelope shooting by day and one was sung to sleep by coyotes at night. Canyons, wild cats and mountain lions begin to crowd his pages, and he learns to feast on prairie dog. His subsequent experience with New Mexico messes seasoned with chile was even worse, at first, though he grew to like them later. The first taste of chile was in the land of the Pueblos, where he made many entertaining acquaintances among Indians and mules, for all of whom he professes the highest regard. From this point on, the strangest adventures become a matter of course, so that the reader is in some danger of becoming accustomed, like the author, to the hottest kind of seasoning. There is plenty of humor, sometimes wilful, but never forced; and, on the whole, we do not know of a better or more amusing book of its sort. (\$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Magazine Notes

'HANWAY'S TRAVELS'—the travels of Jonas Hanway of the Ragged Schools and Magdalen Hospital, from Portsmouth to Kingston—together with his 'Essay on Tea,' furnish occasion to Mr. Austin Dobson, in *Longman's* for July, to tell all he knows about their author, and to quote old reviews by Johnson and Goldsmith. Hanway was a goodnatured and benevolent-minded bore, who hated tea and thought it impoverished the nation: wherefore Goldy gently hoisted him, and Johnson applied the lash. He wrote 'moral reflexions' on every occasion, but never happened on such occasions as Boyle's 'On Shooting a Crow out of my Window, in a Pig's Trough.' Boyle, however, was a genius, and wrote against gluttony—with a quill from that crow's wing. Vernon Lee finds some such occasion, but a more obvious one, in 'Old Houses,' which she forgets to praise as she sets out to do, in praising other old things, and in reflecting on the beauty of things past. It is the past that makes them beautiful, she concludes. When they were actualities, they were as bad as those of the present. Horace Hutchinson writes of 'Cricket and Critics'; Dr. G. McPherson of 'Haze,' and Murray Eyre has two rather clever bits of description, 'Bill's Donkey' and 'Two Lepers.'

The anxieties of the Ulster Protestants with regard to Home Rule are expressed, with uncommon moderation, by Dr. W. E. Ball, in the July number of *The New Review*, and are shown to be groundless, or nearly so, in an article by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, which follows that of Dr. Ball. Father Prout's celebrated 'Apology for Lent' is outdone by Count Tolstol, who makes fasting the very foundation of and the 'First Step' to a virtuous life. Wedged in among his arguments is a fine, appetizing description of a visit to a slaughter-house. Dr. Robson Roose has 'A Contribution to the Alcohol Question,' to which we cannot find that he contributes anything new. The writer of a 'Study in Character: Lord Salisbury' thinks that his subject is a mystery man, without intending it. The meaning of 'Culture' is self-education according to Mr. J. A. Symonds, and its uses may be imagined from that definition. Marie Anne de Bovet writes of 'The Marriage Market, French and English'; and the Rev. W. J. Smith, of 'The Trouble in Uganda.' Walter Pater's 'Emerald Uthwart' is finished. As a study in the pathetic it misses the mark.

The bound volume of *The Overland* for Jan.-June, 1892, maintains the pre-eminence of California in fruits and flowers, men, minerals and mission bells. An illustrated article on the last-mentioned subject begins the volume. There are pictured the bell of San Miguel, the trinity of bells of San Francisco de la Espada, the quartet of San Juan Capistrano, and the empty doorway of San Juan del Norte, where a vine swings from the cross-beam that once supported its bell. California has also the 'first and only' American tin-mine; its existence is attested by pictures of its hoisting machinery, concentrator and the out-cropping metalliferous

ledge, itself. Through the Lick Observatory California has established connection with the nebula of Orion and the craters of the moon, and we have fine photographic views of them. One of the illustrations to a paper on the 'Raisin Industry' shows bunches of grapes like that monstrous one which, in old Bibles, the two spies bring, slung on a pole across their shoulders, out of the Promised Land. Mr. Stevenson has immortalized Emperor Norton, and he is here, among other 'Street Characters of San Francisco,' portrayed by the late Virgil Williams. Eastern magazines that use the same means of illustration—photo-engravings of pen-drawings and half-tone reproductions of wash-drawings and photographs—might do well to take *The Overland* for a model. But California, it appears, feels an impulse to do something further for art, and Douglas Tilden and Bolton Coit Brown tell her what it should be. San Francisco must have a gallery like the Luxembourg and an art-school such as the world has not yet seen. The volume is rich in clever short stories, and drops into poetry on every possible occasion.

The Lounger

THE ALWAYS ENTERTAINING but occasionally ill-informed 'G. W. S.' writes in his London Letter to the *Tribune* of July 24 in a somewhat sarcastic vein concerning the First Folio Shakespeare, whose sale for \$6000 by Dodd, Mead & Co. was mentioned in this column not long since. He discourses also of another copy of the same book, sold by the same firm. 'It would be interesting,' he says, 'to know the size of the \$6000 copy, its condition and the reason for the extraordinary price asked and given.' Now, I will give 'G. W. S.' all the information he desires—information that might already have been his if he really possessed the bibliographical knowledge of which he sometimes boasts. The size of the \$6000 First Folio is 12 3/16 by 7 15/16 inches, and it has the portrait, verses and preliminary leaves, and is, in short, a perfect copy of this much-coveted book, bound in crimson morocco by Bedford. Furthermore, if 'G. W. S.' kept the run of the great book-sales, he would know that this particular copy was once the property of Mr. Brayton Ives, and was sold at the sale of his library in November, 1891, Dodd, Mead & Co. purchasing it for \$4200. In the spring of the present year they sold it for an advance of \$1800, which may be called a fair profit on their investment. They were not like 'G. W. S.,' for they knew the value of the book, and realized that they were getting it at a bargain.

AS FOR THE other copy of the First Folio, the one the same firm are said to have sold for \$6500, I am surprised that 'G. W. S.' does not know all about it, for it was advertised for several years in Mr. Quaritch's catalogue. It was there priced at 1200*l.*, but marked 'Not for sale.' It is a taller copy than Mr. Ives's, but in other respects no better. Two years ago Mr. Robert Dodd, un-intimidated by the legend 'Not for sale,' negotiated with Mr. Quaritch, and purchased the book for the firm of which he is a member. So here is the whole story, about which 'G. W. S.' will see that there is nothing strange or mysterious.

A FEW WEEKS SINCE I printed, without names, a letter from an American magazine writer to a literary editor in New York, calling attention to a poem by the writer's wife, and incidentally complimenting both himself and his better half on their literary gifts and achievements. It was sent for publication 'if not out of harmony with any of your regulations.' The item has been widely copied in the English press, as an instance of 'the personal puff in America.' But it seems to have escaped the observation of at least one English writer of the same stamp as the American in question, or the editor who had received the communication afore-said would hardly have been favored with the following:—'In a poem which Mr. Mackenzie Bell has written for the *Christian Leader* he seeks to show what the early Puritans felt at the epoch of the great English Civil War. For a "Gossip column." From Mackenzie Bell, Putney, London, S. W.'

WITH A LAUDABLE desire to get as much as he could without spending more than he had to, the writer had left the envelope enclosing this little manuscript note unsealed, and put a half-penny stamp upon it. As it was a purely personal communication, the Post Office authorities made the editor to whom it was addressed pay (as the law requires) double the amount of postage left unpaid by the sender—i. e., eight cents. Mr. Bell will doubtless be gratified to learn this, and to see how much more prominence his advertisement of himself has received than would have been given to it if he had paid the full two-pence ha'penny of postage. In the latter case it would have gone into the waste-basket, where it belonged.

I LIKE TO SEE a man true to his ideals. It is refreshing in these days, when if people have any ideals at all, they are too busy to live up to them. Mr. Philip G. Hubert, Jr., who some time ago wrote a fascinating little book called 'Liberty and a Living,' has an 'Open Letter' in the August *Century* in which he again advances the same ideas. Mr. Hubert believes in country life, and even if I had not shared his belief, I should have been converted to it by his book. In this Letter he suggests camping-out to the tenement-house poor. The suggestion is an excellent one, and we read it in our hammocks or while lolling on the sea-sands with expressions of approval. That is just what those unfortunate creatures should do. They should buy 'a tent' (\$25), 'an oil stove' (\$3), 'some cots' (\$5 each), and 'a few boxes of bedding and stores would complete the whole outfit.' The bedding would be taken from home, and the price of the 'stores' would vary with their amount. The camping-place would necessarily be at some distance from the city—fifty miles, Mr. Hubert suggests,—and the travelling expenses for a 'typical family' would be about \$10 there and back. Of course work would have to be practically abandoned, the city rooms given up and the furniture stored. I am afraid that there are not many tenement-house families who could stand even this slight drainage of their bank-accounts. Fortunately few of them would enjoy the life even if they could afford it, and Mr. Hubert's article is not likely to build white cities on the beach. Coney Island is all the 'country' tenement-house people usually care for, and as they are not apt to be readers of *The Century*, they will not be disturbed by the suggestion of something different. Mr. Hubert's theory is capital, but I doubt if it will prove practicable.

IT IS NOT ONLY the very poor people of the tenement-houses who do not care to live in the country; there are many who ought to have a keener appreciation of nature who yet prefer to stay in town. To me the town is a hollow mockery, as compared with the country. I think it very well to spend a few weeks during the winter in town, for the sake of hearing good music and seeing good pictures and rubbing elbows with the cultivated people who are to be found there; but at other times I think I should enjoy being a hermit, or if not quite that, I should at least delight to lead such an ideal life as Mr. Hubert describes in his 'Liberty and a Living.'

FROM AN ENVELOPE postmarked 'San Francisco, July 9,' and bearing in one corner the firm-name of 'A. L. Bancroft & Co., Pianos and Organs,' I take the following 'typoscript' communication, unaccompanied by signature or reference of any sort. It is entitled 'New English Words.'

TYPE—A type-writing machine (the accent falls upon the last syllable; type-*een*).

TYPER—A male operator on the typewriter.

TYPESS—A female operator on the typewriter.

TOTYPE—To write on the typewriter.

TYPOSCRIPT—Type-written or type-written manuscript. It may aid the memory to state that the first word, typewriter, is formed by taking the first and last syllables of the expression, type-writing machine, and that it means the same as the complete expression. Also that the last one, typoscript, is formed by taking the first one and the last two syllables of the expression type-written manuscript, and changing for the sake of euphony the *u* of the second syllable into an *o*. There is a vacancy in the English vocabulary which these words fill. The type-writing industry has sprung up within a comparatively short time, but no words have come into general use to meet the requirements of the new situation. A general movement would quickly establish them.

Is the circulation of this circular the beginning of the proposed 'general movement'?

STANDARD BOOKS OF REFERENCE—the 'Britannica,' 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' etc.—give Sancerre as the birthplace of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum. And even the 'Recollections' of Napoleon's general recently issued in two large volumes and reviewed in last week's *Critic* contains on page 114 the same erroneous statement—notwithstanding the fact, as G. W. R. of the Iowa State University points out to me, that the Marshal himself says (p. 125):—'Your grandfather had settled himself at Sedan, where I was born, when he was invited by Lord Thomas Nairn, proscribed like himself, to the little town of Sancerre.' Ten to one the biographical dictionaries will continue, so long as they retain the name of Macdonald, to make Sancerre his natal place. All things considered, however, a French soldier would just as lief not have his name associated with that of Sedan—a name as ominous in sound as Waterloo.

London Letter

WHILE THE GREAT political tug-of-war is at its height, it is impossible for any other subject to gain a hearing,—for be it at regatta, cricket-match, or lawn-tennis competition, those open-air pastimes to which this month of July is by common consent devoted all over England, the one question which is passed from lip to lip is this:—'How is it going in your part of the world?' How it is going everywhere—nay, how it has gone—will be known to all on either side of the Atlantic long before this letter is in print, and other topics will have regained their normal interest; but at the present moment, it is really with an effort that I remember what these are likely to be!

I have, however, one or two charming volumes to recommend. The second series of 'E. Nesbit's' (Mrs. Hubert Bland's) 'Lays and Legends,' just issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., are worthy of the first series, a third edition of which comes to me also from the same firm, as an accompaniment. There is so much of the deep pathos which underlies our busy, hurried modern life in each of these collections—so much that our hearts know to be genuinely true, and in consequence to which they respond—that I find myself unable to make a selection, or to remark of any one poem before me that it is more excellent than many of the others, but would only observe that all of those who 'hear the ceaseless hum of London near'—or who would fain hear it—will learn much from the pages in which our London joys, and sorrows, and mistakes, and misdoings are touched upon; and that perhaps some of these pages will appeal to my readers even more than those which treat of other themes.

A different sort of volume, yet a very useful as well as ornamental one, for those desirous of probing the many-sided world of the metropolis, is that just produced by the Stereoscopic Company, and entitled 'Views of London.' This delightful album reproduces in permanent photography all the notable buildings and thoroughfares in London, and ought to prove a valuable memento for all who may be returning to their homes in other lands, after a visit to the mother-country. The book is published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's 'Noontide Essays' is another very pleasant, chatty book *à la mode*. The essays came out originally in *Blackwood*, where so many essayists have successfully led the way before,—and though it would be too much to say that Sir Herbert is a worthy successor to the glorious names which have preceded him, yet he is a very welcome addition to the *Blackwood* of to-day. He talks well, even if he has nothing whatever to talk about,—and that, believe me, dear readers, is an art not to be despised. The man, or woman, who can talk agreeably, unaffectedly and amusingly, while saying nothing which may not be forgotten the next minute, is yet doing his or her part in a dull world, which needs a cheery hum to keep it wagging. A pleasant hour with a pleasant companion is always a memory in itself. Even so, when a reader has perused one of Sir Herbert Maxwell's easy and sensible contributions, pregnant as they are with observation and knowledge of the world, he has enjoyed a pleasure; and the recollection of that enjoyment remains.

The Dean of Rochester has lately preached a special sermon before a large audience composed chiefly of cyclists, which, coming from such an undoubted authority, ought to have considerable weight on one of the burning questions of the day. Dean Hole, who well knew what he was talking about, strongly denounced the idea of a long, vacant Sabbath day, devoted to doing nothing whatever, under the idea that such droning hours constituted 'Sabbath rest.' As a matter of fact, protested this trenchant preacher, such idleness and vacancy was *rust*—not rest. In the course of his address the Dean proceeded warmly to advocate the Sunday opening of museums and picture-galleries in large towns, where the benefit would be incalculable to thousands who, cooped up in dingy lodgings, or small dwellings in noisy lane and street, would thankfully resort to those spacious, silent, reposeful and most instructive abodes,—while for the young and active he recommended rambles among country scenes, where Nature holds her own, and where the cyclist's wheel is scarcely a disturbance of the peace which reigns. Not long ago Lord William Cecil, the rector of Hatfield (and third son of the Marquis of Salisbury), advertised largely his readiness to accommodate cyclists who might wish to attend divine service when passing through his parish, but who possibly feared to trust their bicycle, or tricycle, to unknown hands. Lord William, with a tact and sense which did him credit, offered to have all such taken care of by a competent servant of his own, in good quarters at the rectory. Doubtless many well-disposed young men touring about on wheels when the day of rest came round availed themselves of the considerate proposal, which in itself may also have proved an inducement to others who had

otherwise not given the matter a thought,—and we heartily wish clergymen of every denomination would follow the wise and kindly lead of the Dean of Rochester and the rector of Hatfield.

The frauds perpetrated by a so-called Publishing Company, which have come to light within the last few days, afford a new exposition of the extraordinary weakness and credulity to which a certain class of people seems pre eminently prone. Out of the five people who appeared at Bow Street yesterday, to accuse a bogus company of swindling them out of both brains and money (the former, we submit, was of the nature of Shakespeare's 'good name' and the robbery thereof could not have 'enriched' anybody), two were schoolmasters and one was a clergyman. In each case the 'City of London Publishing Co.' advertised for MSS., offering advantageous terms; in each case, the hapless simpletons who responded were informed that a deposit was necessary as a preliminary step—and actually paid it. The result may be guessed by all. Happily the 'City of London Publishing Co.' is caught at last; but doubtless another Phoenix will arise out of its ashes, and continue to catch the simple, who it seems will never be persuaded that if they imagine a book—whether of poetry or prose—to be worthy of publication, the plain path, and the only safe one, is to send it to be diagnosed on its own merits by one of the many legitimate publishers, who are only too eager for a 'find,' and too ready to encourage the veriest seedling that shows promise of bearing fruit in the fields of literature.

The other day I was shown by a collector of curios in very humble quarters in this neighborhood, a curious old playbill, in which Henry Irving—the 'Henry Irving' of to-day—played under his own name of 'John Henry Brodribb.' There are not many playgoers, I fancy, who have seen 'John Henry Brodribb' on the boards; fame soon came to the young actor; though why he saw fit to leave the one patronymic behind and adopt the other is not very intelligible. 'Brodribb' is not such a bad name—'Irving' is not such a particularly good one.

The same collector showed me amongst his store a set of miniatures, one of which deserves mention, for reasons which will presently appear. It is that of a certain Admiral Renshaw—or Renshaw—the faded manuscript at the back was almost undecipherable—but a later hand had added that a descendant of the said Admiral was believed to be now alive somewhere in America, and to be a well-known millionaire. If this statement should prove to be true, and if any reader of this letter should bring it beneath the notice of the supposed descendant, the miniature could easily be procured for him should he desire to possess it. It would be an interesting relic, and is to be had for a trifle.

Neither the general election, nor the competition of other attractions, nor the warm weather which is less conducive to the success of theatrical than of out-door entertainments, has had an injurious effect on 'Henry VIII.' which continues to draw great houses to the Lyceum, where it has been played now for something like a hundred and sixty times.

L. B. WALFORD.

Boston Letter

STILL ANOTHER new paper is to be added to the long list of periodicals claiming Boston as their home. In one sense, to be sure, it is not absolutely new, for *The Mahogany Tree* has made its peculiarly divided title (as printed on the cover) familiar to many readers during its brief existence under the management of Harvard men; but in the sense of a complete change of ownership, editorship and policy the paper may be said to be born again. Certainly Boston has no periodical exactly like the altered *Mahogany Tree*. The Capital City, with its *Kate Field's Washington*, comes the nearest to the Boston venture. Owned by Miss Mildred Aldrich, edited by Miss Mildred Aldrich and written entirely by Miss Mildred Aldrich, this fledgling in journalism is to appeal to the public in a decidedly personal way.

Before long a great many readers of *The Critic* will be inquiring about Miss Aldrich, for her bright pen will attract attention, I feel sure. She is a native of Providence, born on the 16th of November—well, I won't say the year, for though it's not so very long ago, yet thirty or forty years from now it will be hunted up in *The Critic* by some busybody who wants to get up one of those middle-age birthday celebrations that no woman cares to have. I believe the present new editor came to Boston when a child, for I know she graduated in 1869 from the Everett School, and in 1872 from the Girls' High School. Her girlhood had the inspiration of being passed in the house in Sheafe Street where Lyman Beecher lived when he preached at the North End. Miss Aldrich tried one year at teaching, but she didn't like it, and so in 1879 she went on the staff of the *Boston Home Journal*, where she remained until a year ago, writing the most brilliant articles in that paper.

Just what kind of a paper the rejuvenated *Mahogany Tree* will be I can't say, except that it will deal with the literary and dramatic world. As far as I could ever make out from my acquaintance with Miss Aldrich, she has no fads or hobbies, except indeed books and the theatre, and, as she herself once said, she is 'extremely old-fashioned about women.' That is, she doesn't believe but that woman has now all the rights she needs or wants. 'I had rather have been a man,' she once said, 'but being a woman I am content to lean on my sex rather than make a battering-ram of it.'

D. Lothrop Co. have added a new author to their long list, and in a few weeks expect to bring forward his war book for boys. This author, Stanton P. Allen, was a soldier, during the Rebellion, and he has also been a journalist and a lay-preacher, and I believe he married a Southern lady and was converted after the war to Methodism. His newspaper work has been on the *Troy Times*. Mr. Allen's book, 'Down in Dixie,' is intended to describe the mingling of fun and pathos in a soldier's life. Another book coming from the Lothrop house is a dainty little collection of poems from Shakespeare bearing upon twilight, the book being called 'Shakespeare's Twilights.' Popular editions of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's poem, 'A Lost Winter,' Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' and Wedworth Wadsworth's 'Leaves from an Artist's Field-Book' are also to be put forth by the same firm. Then there will come a book on Oriental adventures written by a traveller of to-day who co-reals his name under that given him by the Arabs, Abd el Ardavan, and who calls his book 'The Lance of Kanana.' Mrs. J. J. Colter of Boston—who is, I believe, spending the summer at New Brunswick—has written 'A Gentle Benefactress,' the tale of a rich young girl who tries to help the poor and afflicted; while Caroline H. Rimmer has written a text-book for children with artistic taste, illustrating it with pictures from her own pen; the frontispiece of this work on 'Figure Drawing for Children' is a copy of the author's own cast of a pretty little child resting daintily on the crest of a wave. Miss Rimmer inherits the skill of her father, Dr. Rimmer, whose sculptured works were of note equal to his anatomical studies. Another book coming from the D. Lothrop Co. has an interesting frontispiece, the book written by Eleanor Lewis on 'Famous Pets.' The stories tell of the dogs and cats and birds loved by eminent men and women, while the picture opposite the title-page shows Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott with her favorite pug dog Sambo.

But as a rule the book-producing business is now at low tide and readers are probably not anxious for more substantial works than the summer novel. When the first cool winds of autumn come there will be interesting books to describe.

BOSTON, July 26, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

European Literature of the Past Year

FOR TWO-AND-TWENTY years the late Emile de Laveleye wrote *The Athenaeum's* annual survey of French and Flemish literature in Belgium. This year his place is taken by Paul Fredericq, who records that M. de Laveleye, at the time of his death last January, was engaged upon a comprehensive treatise on political economy. A corresponding work on politics had just been completed, and it has since been awarded a prize of 5000 francs by a jury appointed by the Government. M. Maurice Maeterlinck, whose strange plays have been represented 'with very dubious success' in Paris, London, Brussels and Copenhagen, has made himself the topic of much discussion, it seems, by his refusal of the quinquennial prize for dramatic literature awarded to his 'Princesse Maleine.'

V. Tille reports from Bohemia that 'for two reasons there has been more stir among our authors during the past twelve months than at other times.' One reason was the Bohemian Exhibition, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the first European exhibition (Prague, 1791); the other, the foundation of a Bohemian Academy for Art, Science and Literature, by which scientific efforts and the translation of foreign poetry have been promoted. 'The drama is still the least developed branch of our literature.'

In the seven pages devoted to France, Joseph Reinach tells of a recent treasure-trove of singular interest.

In some note-books left by Alexandre Dumas to his father M. Léon Charles has found the materials for a most interesting work, which he has published in the *Revue Encyclopédique*. They are biographical notes on Victor Hugo, written by Dumas from Hugo's own lips. It is known that in the intimacy of Hugo and Dumas there were ups and downs—to use a vulgar expression—times of extreme coldness and then periods of warm friendship. During one of these friendly intervals, following a mysterious difference, Dumas, the better to mark their reconciliation, conceived the idea of writing the biography of Victor Hugo. He took down some notes with this intention and marked out the plan of the work, which he proposed to fill in from Hugo's instructions at

their leisure. Why was such a work never carried out? The life of Victor Hugo told by Dumas would have been wonderfully piquant, even if not particularly exact (exactitude did not much trouble the author of 'The Three Musketeers'). Fragmentary and disjointed as they are, these notes of Dumas's are most interesting. They are almost all devoted to the poet's infancy.

Of the seven volumes by Hugo published since the poet's death, the last to appear, 'Dieu,' is 'a vast philosophical poem, somewhat in the style of the "Divine Comedy," which the master wrote while in exile in Jersey.'

Having passed in review all the insufficient and illusory creeds by which God has been aforesaid designated, the poet describes what he deems Him to be—this God towards whom he aspires and to whom he would reach. But after attempting to depict Him, he arrives at the impossibility of doing so in words, and declares that death alone—death which delivers us from doubt—can make us know Him as He is. Rather poetical than strictly philosophic, the system of Victor Hugo tends once more to demonstrate the immortality, the survival of the soul. This act of faith—is it necessary to say so?—is embodied in powerful, grandiose, brilliant verse. * * * When one remembers that there are still several unpublished works of his to be brought out before even we come to 'L'Océan,' which includes all his unfinished pieces, all the suggestions and projects for future compositions, one can hardly help feeling absolutely terrified at the immensity of this Titanic genius.

Among the innumerable books glanced at more or less briefly in this comprehensive survey of the year's activity across the Channel, are Zola's 'Débâcle,' Pierre Loti's 'Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort' and his 'Fantôme d'Orient,' in which the recently elected Academician 'returns complaisantly to the recital of his love affairs in foreign lands'; Daudet's 'Rose et Nnette' and his son Léon's 'Germe et Poussière,' three philosophic discussions which exhibit a curious, anxious searching after truth; Renan's 'Feuilles Détachées,' and Armand Sylvestre's 'Floréal,' a romance of the time of the Directory. This would be a work worth having, even if M. Sylvestre were a less charming writer than he is, for M. Georges Cain has illustrated the book with graceful pictures; M. Massenet has sprinkled it here and there with charming songs; and M. Jules Claretie, whose affection for the history of the times of the Directory is most genuine, has added to it a witty preface. One of the successful novels of the year is said to have been 'a singular spiritualist romance, "Avec les Immortels," by Mr. Marion Crawford.'

Three and a half pages are given to Germany, the review beginning with a reference that may or may not be ironical, to the Kaiser's reform of the Prussian Gymnasias, and revolution in the teaching of history, which in future, instead of advancing from ancient to modern times, is to proceed backwards "by way of Sedan and Rossbach to Thermopylæ." The reviewer, Robert Zimmermann, notes that several novelists have taken to writing poetry, and one of them Paul Heyse, to the production of plays, without, as a rule, adding anything to the repute in which they are held. The writings of Von Moltke are perhaps the most important works now appearing in Germany, though Bismarck is still adding to the number of his speeches, already great enough to fill fourteen portly volumes.

Spyr. P. Lambros reports history to be the branch of literature in which most activity prevails in Greece, and chronicles the appearance of a new edition of the romance 'Loukis Laras' by Bikelas, with illustrations by 'a genuine Greek painter, Rhellis, who lives in Paris.'

School-books to be used in cramming for examinations, genealogical works to be bought by 'rich but not very strong-minded people who are bearers of fairly well-known names,' and literature devoted to sport are being brought out in great number in Holland, says Taco H. de Beer.

Our youngest novelist, L. Couperus, has been introduced to English readers by our countryman Mr. Grein, who has translated 'Eline Vere,' as Miss van Campen mentioned last year. The English critics who do not like the book are not aware that Couperus has given a real photograph of social life in the Hague, and that for the psychological analysis of his *dramatis personæ* he may rank among the best, as he is true, though neither amusing nor lively. Another novel ('Noodlot') has followed, which Mr. Grein has also translated as 'The Footsteps of Faith'—a book as dark as Erebus; his latest, 'Extaze,' is not so gloomy, but there is a family likeness. His style, which grows more and more bewildering, and the influence he ascribes to 'disembodied spirits,' indicate that Couperus belongs to the new school.

Leopold Katscher declares history, not *belles lettres*, to be paramount in Hungary, just now. 'Of course, our leading novelist, the world-renowned Jókai, has not omitted—he has never done so—to contribute his annual quota of two new novels; they are entitled 'There's no Devil' and 'The Son of Rákóczy.' Of the more interesting new works of fiction is Zsigmond Juth's 'Book of the

Hungarian Lowland.' 'As is the case with every minor literature, translations play an important rôle with us.'

Ruggero Bonghi and Giovanni Zannoni collaborate in estimating the literary output in Italy since July 1, 1891.

To judge from the truly remarkable number of volumes published in Italy during the last few months, one might indeed suppose that there is a great literary revival. But the fact is that these publications are either reprints of works which have appeared some time ago, or collected volumes of newspaper articles, or else of merely relative value. Of really good ones there are few. However, it is well to note that the great flood of verses, both in classical—or so-called 'barbarous'—and in traditional Italian metres, has almost entirely ceased. No doubt this year, too, has yielded a great crop of rhymers and versifiers; but they are far fewer in number than formerly, and perhaps superior in quality. There is also a decrease in the blind admiration for illustrious names, which refused even to admit the possibility of discussing their claims. On the contrary, while their works are still read, they are criticised, judged, and sometimes even condemned.

Easily first among recent volumes of short stories in Italian is the 'Fra Scuola e Casa' of Edmondo De Amicis, 'Un Dramma nella Scuola' being pronounced, 'both for conception and execution, one of the best things he has ever done.' His forthcoming 'Primo Maggio' is of a polemical character; and everyone who knows that 'De Amicis has now joined the ranks of the Socialists' will easily guess its aim. A book much spoken of in Italy of late is of special interest to Americans.

Signor Adolfo Rossi, in 'Un Italiano in America,' relates his own wanderings in the United States. Rossi, now one of the most esteemed and most influential of Italian journalists, started a few years ago with the intention of seeking his fortune in America. He was by turns pioneer, settler, waiter, professor, journalist, and in all these varied capacities was able to make most curious observations on men and manners and contract acquaintance with people in every position, so that his book is full of valuable advice, based on experience to any one who, perhaps deceived by vain hopes, may be thinking of emigrating to that country.

Henrik Jæger begins his glance over the literary field in Norway with a brief synopsis of the plot of 'Trætte Mænd' ('Weary Men')—a *fin de siècle* story which has already run through three editions and bids fair to run through at least as many more. The reviewer's frequent complaint of the complete absence of lyric poetry has now been removed by the appearance of 'Digte af Per Gyt ved Theodor Caspari,' which indicates that Caspari, when his style becomes simpler, 'will be one of the first of Norwegian lyric poets.' Alexander Kielland, Mayor of Stavanger, is very much at home in the entertaining sketches of nature and peasant life in his 'Dyr og Mennesker.'

There is not very much to record in Poland, it appears from the *compte rendu* of Adam Belcikowski, besides the celebration of the twenty-fifth jubilee of the popular woman novelist, E. Orzeszko, and the posthumous publication of two poems by Bohdan Zaleski, written fifty years ago.

This year Paul Milyoukoff cannot repeat the reproach of vacuity which he levelled at Russian society in 1891. A transition period has begun, and the movement has been somewhat accelerated by the awakening sympathy of the well-to-do, attributable to the famine. Tolstol even has been lured out of the 'charmed circle of his teachings on the non-resistance of evil and the uses of suffering,' and 'has energetically fought with want, and made himself one of the most prominent centres of popular aid.' The 'rise of the social temperature could not remain without effect upon our literature,' and 'we have signs of a deeper social effect wrought by the famine in the impression produced upon our most sensitive writers.'

This being Columbus's year, it is not surprising to find a great deal of literary activity in Spain. The chronicler is, as usual, Juan F. Riaño.

It is a pleasure to me to state that in spite of riots—most of them without justifiable cause or provocation—of occasional strikes and dynamite explosions, that progress in civilization and culture which has rejoiced every good Spaniard during the last few years has experienced no check at all. On the contrary, it may be confidently asserted that, although the national taste in literary matters is gradually taking another direction, as I shall try to prove hereafter, a greater number of works has been printed within the last twelvemonth than in any of the preceding years. * * *

The fast approaching centenary of the discovery of the New World, which is to be celebrated with rejoicings and pageants, has had the effect of fanning almost to fever-heat the patriotic enthusiasm of Spaniards. A number of works relating to Columbus himself and those who accompanied him in his voyages, or to the islands discovered by him, have been issued. * * * The publication that has hitherto done most for the cause is the *Centenario*, an illustrated review [recently noticed in *The Critic*]. * * *

Poetry is decidedly on the wane. For those long-winded epic poems in imitation of the classics, or of Dante, Ariosto, and Camoens, shorter compositions—still divided into cantos, but having nothing of the heroic about them—are being substituted. * * * The same remark applies to the drama. Fiction, too, is gradually, if slowly, making place for more serious studies.

As no work of the first importance has been published in Sweden during the year, we content ourselves with reproducing Hugo Tigerschiöld's comment on the general character of the literary movement in that land:—

The twelve months embraced by this review have been noteworthy for the number of books published. Lyric poetry has been especially abundant—a thing not to be wondered at, as the Swedish disposition is from its very bottom lyrical. The deep forests, the great lakes, the endless variations of nature, are cause enough for this, and it seems as if the well-spring of lyric poetry, which the naturalism and materialism of the times have been choking, could no longer be suppressed. Fiction has now, as formerly, taken nature as its object, but the tendency of a certain school to offer simply a photograph of the objects which fall within the scope of its vision has not been exhibited to any remarkable degree. It seems to be recognized that what the eye perceives the author's fancy must remould in order to make it a work of art. It should not be forgotten that the realistic tendency, which during the last few decades we have acquired from the literature of the great European nations, especially from the French, has resulted in Swedish novels acquiring a decidedly wholesome tone. Yet while we have got rid of the extreme of idealism we have also got rid of realism, which never had a very firm footing among the educated classes. A sane conception of the art of fiction seems to be making itself more and more felt.

The Athenæum's summary fills in all twenty-six pages.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

'THE OLD SPINET' and a young lady trying its keys, a painting by R. Poetzelberger, reproduced in photogravure, is the frontispiece of the August *Magazine of Art*. A view on the Roman Campagna, by Adrian Stokes, heads Mr. M. Phipps Jackson's critique of the current exhibition at the New Gallery in London. Among the other illustrations of the article is a portrait of Mr. Walter Crane. Corfu, its harbor, its holy wells and pretty girls furnish subjects for Mr. Tristram Ellis's pen and pencil. Alfred Stevens is the artist whose work is taken up for review in this number; the illustrations are of designs for statuary, decorative paintings, vases and architecture. Mr. J. Bernard Partridge has a picture of Miss Ellen Terry as Queen Katherine. There are several illustrations from the statuettes of Mr. Georges Van der Straeten, sculptor 'de fantaisie'; an illustrated account of Mr. Herkomer's model stage, with contracting proscenium; and the usual departments, including the 'Illustrated Note-Book.'

—The August *Art Amateur* has an unusual number of supplementary designs, chief among which is a decorative figure in monochrome, by Will H. Low. Three of these designs are in color.

—His book will be carefully read,' says *The Athenæum*, referring to Mr. W. H. Goodyear's 'Grammar of the Lotus,' 'chiefly, we think, by Greek archaeologists, and will attract some attention. Few men will, however, venture to think that they are capable of giving a decided opinion upon all the subjects discussed in this book, and still fewer will be able to accept the theory of a common origin of ornament which is so carefully worked out by Mr. Goodyear.'

The Reading Habit

[*Harper's Bazar*]

OF ALL THE habits that can be cultivated, none is more productive of pleasure and improvement than that of reading, provided the books be well chosen.

Reading is a recreation—the rest and refreshment that make one feel like a new being—but it is much more. It is not only the wine of mental life, it is its daily bread. The study of text books will by no means take the place of general and varied reading. One may be master of several languages and yet not be well read. One may have many accomplishments, and even be proficient in one or more branches of science, and yet be unintelligent on general subjects for lack of a habit of judicious reading.

The quantity of reading that may be done in a year by the employment of even small portions of time is surprising to those who have not observed the matter. It is a delight to think of the amount of information and keen intellectual pleasure obtained by those who follow the 'required readings' of the Chautauquan courses after spending less than an hour a day upon them, and

equal advantages may follow more desultory reading if it be well chosen.

A lady whom we know is the head of a large family, entertaining much company, and doing a great deal of benevolent work. All these things leave her but little time, yet at the end of a year she will be found to have read more, and to have better assimilated what she has read, than the majority of men or women of leisure. In her the reading habit is very strong, and leads her to improve every chance moment. Her memory is good and her mental faculties clear, so that she can keep many separate threads of thought in mind without dropping or tangling any. Hence she finds it profitable to have several books on hand at once. For her own 'den,' where she is most likely to be found when she has more than a few moments at her disposal, she has always 'solid' work of some sort—history, biography, travel, or popularized science. In the sewing-room, where she may have to wait short intervals between 'fittings,' are kept volumes of selections. On her dressing-table is always another book. In her parlor a small-volume Shakespeare is ever at hand. In the dining-room are newspapers and magazines. In a drawer in the hall table, ready to be taken when she is going out, are novels or books of short stories, to be read in carriage or horse-cars. Thus she is never obliged to wait idly through even those moments of waiting which are inevitable in every large family.

A very great advantage of this lady's habit is that her whole family receive the benefit of her ever-overflowing mind. Her children bring their studies, her husband his interests, and she her reading to the common fund of intellectual enjoyment. Their table hours are charming. The husband's business is one involving unusual cares and responsibilities, and he is often too tired to read, but, by his wife's flow of lively chat upon ever-fresh topics, his mind is, as he expresses it, so 'irrigated' that it becomes rich and fruitful, instead of the arid waste which a mind exhausted by business and unrefreshed from without must be. Her children derive from their mother's varied stores countless bits of information which enable them to better understand their lessons, and are constantly stimulated to greater efforts.

This useful and interesting woman makes no pretensions to learning, and with the exception of writing and speaking the English language with unusual purity and fluency, has no accomplishments; but she is singularly well informed.

Current Criticism

MR. BIRRELL'S 'RES JUDICATÆ.'—The writer is not afraid of treating well-worn subjects. Of the twelve papers which compose this volume three or four are perhaps too insignificant to merit publication in book form, and yet, slight though it be, the brief notice of Sainte-Beuve gives a vivid impression of that delightful writer's salient points as a critic. He was happier, Mr. Birrell says, in criticizing old writers than when ranging amongst the celebrities of his own day, and the writer observes that for his part he thinks a critic better occupied in so doing. 'If you teach me or help me to think aright about Milton, you can leave me to deal with "The Light of Asia" on my own account.' The insight, sympathy, and feeling which Mr. Birrell praises in Sainte-Beuve are qualities that in a measure distinguish his own pages, and he too, like the great French critic, is eminently sane and free from tricks of singularity. Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold, and George Borrow (of whom Mr. Saintsbury has recently discoursed so pleasantly), supply comparatively virgin soil; but it was possible that in treating of Richardson and Gibbon, of Cowper, Hazlitt, and Lamb, a literary husbandman might find the ground exhausted. To the essayist, however, style is of far greater importance than novelty, and the author's enjoyment of good literature and his happy sense of humor give life to familiar subjects. He praises Sainte-Beuve's appreciative criticism of Cowper, and recommends a fresh perusal of his three papers on the subject. The advice is good, but before the reader follows it he will do well to read Mr. Birrell's bright little essay on the poet. It may be hoped that the English language will be found capable of supplying a title to his next literary venture.—*The Athenæum*.

A FRENCH CRITICISM OF RUDYARD KIPLING.—M. Bentzon, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for April 1st, gives an interesting summary and criticism of 'The Light that Failed.' 'It is only for the last two or three years,' he says, 'that Rudyard Kipling's name has been known, and he is already celebrated. His short sketches, full of manly energy, fire, and descriptive and dramatic power, have interested hundreds of readers in Anglo-Indian life; just as Bret Harte's no less sober and no less richly-colored pictures had interested the whole world in California. Rudyard Kipling possesses, in common with Bret Harte, the rare merit of having thor-

oughly seen and closely observed what he paints. From his childhood he has been in contact with the natives, the so-called officers, the civil functionaries, who have furnished him with indisputably new types. Imprudent admirers have so far exaggerated their enthusiasm as to couple with the great name of Dickens the name of this young man of twenty-six. The comparison cannot possibly be maintained: for, so far from like Dickens letting his personality be lost in that of his characters, Rudyard Kipling exhibits, to a greater degree than any other artist of his age and standing, the hypertrophy of the Ego. He is always perceptible behind his heroes. * * * 'The Light that Failed,' M. Bentzon concludes, though less successful artistically than Kipling's shorter pieces, is none the less a work full of passion and intense life. 'However highly we may value the short story, when it is good, we are grateful to the artist who excels in it when he tries another branch. We congratulate him especially on the fact that he has not depended entirely on the charm of exoticism, and made it his only object to astonish us with strange facts brought from a distance. The heroic-comic adventures of Mulvaney are principally dedicated to the English army; but Dick's dear-bought pride, and Maisie's unconscious selfishness, love, grief and pity, are of all countries. Everywhere the play of passion is the same, and from north to south, from east to west, man is interested in the truly human, without caring excessively for the "picturesque" and the "exceptional."—*The Review of Reviews*.

Notes

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT, author of 'A Naturalist's Rambles About Home,' 'Upland and Meadow,' and other delightful outdoor books, will bring out, through J. B. Lippincott Co., about Oct. 1, a volume called 'Recent Rambles; or, In Touch with Nature.' The name at first lacked the words 'Recent Rambles,' which were prefixed only when it was found that one of the publications of the S. P. C. K. bears that suggestive title, and would cause confusion when the book came to be copyrighted in England. The forthcoming work relates mainly to the valley of the Delaware, with glimpses of New Mexico and Arizona thrown in merely for comparative purposes. This is the first of Dr. Abbott's books to be illustrated, its pages being diversified with reproductions of photographs from the author's camera. Dr. Abbott is Curator of the Museum of Natural History connected with the University of Pennsylvania, and has written for Ginn & Co. a little book called 'Recent Archaeological Explorations in the Valley of the Delaware.' This, too, will be illustrated.

—Rudyard Kipling's new collection of short stories will be published by D. Appleton & Co. in the fall. Col. R. M. Johnston's new collection will appear much earlier. Its title is 'Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims, and Other Stories.' The same firm is preparing 'In Gold and Silver,' by the late George H. Ellwanger—a book dealing with outdoor life, with illustrations by W. H. Gibson, A. B. Wenzel and W. C. Greenough. There will be an *édition de luxe* of 200 numbered copies, printed on Japanese vellum.

—A capital 'Character Sketch' of Mr. Cleveland is the chief feature of the August *Review of Reviews*. It contains two good portraits of the ex-President (one is the frontispiece), and one very bad one, in which he is shown seated at a meeting of his Cabinet.

—A convenient little pamphlet to have at hand this summer is 'The Political Platforms,' containing the official confessions of faith by which Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists and members of the People's Party will seek to secure support next fall. The argumentative voter who can pull this out of his pocket at a critical moment may often be able to turn the tables on his antagonist. The American News Co. circulates it.

—J. M. Barrie's 'Little Minister' is said to have shared with Mr. Hardy's 'Tess' the honor of selling as well through the stress of the English elections as it did three months ago.

—Mr. Hall Caine has been spending some time in Berlin,' says *The Publishers' Circular*, 'and has managed to see a good deal of literary life in the German capital. The result of his observations is rather surprising, and not particularly flattering to Englishmen. The Germans do not appear to be great readers of English literature. Of English fiction they know little, and that little does not impress them favorably.' Writing to a friend in London, Mr. Caine says:—

The German view of English fiction is on the whole not a good one, but I find here and there a disposition to pay more attention to the younger English novelists than to those of an earlier period. But very little seems to be known of any of them. I have met only one man who has read Mr. Stevenson, and only one or two who have even heard of Mr. Kipling. I sang Mr. Barrie's praises amid silence, and no one

was aware of Mr. Blackmore or yet Mr. Besant. Such and so loud is the turbulent voice of fame, twenty-four hours only from London, amid a people who are our first cousins and have interests in common with our own. A lady told me she was translating Mr. Swinburne; but she knew nothing of Rossetti except his name. The novelist here is, with one or two notable exceptions, not a person of much mark.

Mr. Caine spent much of his time in Berlin with Karl Emil Franzos, the author of 'For the Right' and 'The Chief Justice,' who has undertaken to introduce Mr. Caine's 'Scapegoat' to the German public in an essay which is to go before a translation. The following personal description of the distinguished author will be read with interest by his admirers in this country:—

He is [writes Mr. Caine] in middle life, with large dark eyes, a square and massive forehead, from which his black hair is rapidly receding, slightly Jewish in his features, inclined to solidity of figure, very quiet of manner, a fine talker, exact, methodical, and logical. On the whole he suggests the historian rather than the novelist, but he is not without fire, and he impresses me by his strength and force.

—Harper & Bros. have published this week 'On Canada's Frontier,' by Julian Ralph; 'Carlyle,' by Prof. John Nichol; a collection of essays 'From the Books of Laurence Hutton'; W. D. Howells's parlor comedy, 'A Letter of Introduction'; 'Aunt Anne,' a novel by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of 'Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman'; a novel, 'That Wild Wheel,' by Frances Eleanor Trollope, (wife of T. Adolphus Trollope); a new collection of short stories for young readers, 'Young Lucretia, and Other Stories,' by Mary E. Wilkins; and a revised edition of William Black's 'Three Feathers.'

—The Duke of Argyll and Lady Frances Balfour, his daughter, are among the contributors to the August *North American Review*, the Duke writing of 'English Elections and Home Rule' and the daughter of English society. The former will publish in the autumn a volume on 'The Unseen Foundations of Society'—an examination of the 'fallacies and failures of economic science due to neglected elements.'

—Mr. Joseph Hatton is at work on a novel bearing the title of 'Under the Great Seal.' The scene is at first laid in Newfoundland, but is afterwards changed to England.

—Dr. Holmes's library, a California visitor says, is absolutely lined with books. 'We have just culled out the best, my secretary and I,' the Autocrat said. 'Each month brings a multitude, but we keep here only those I love to have about me. I like to preserve most editions of my own works,' he added playfully.

—Count Koutousow Tolstoy, a nephew of Count Leo Tolstol, was in Washington last week. He is 'a handsome fellow, about thirty years old, and speaks English fluently, having lived in England four years.' The *Washington Post* says:—'He is an officer in the Russian Navy, and as such he has visited American waters, but now, on an extended leave of absence, he is making a leisurely tour of the world in company with his young wife.'

—The publishing-house of F. Treves of Milan, Italy, has issued a handsomely illustrated description of the great Columbian Exhibition that was opened at Genoa on July 10. 'It contains a history of Columbus,' says the *Times*, 'and photographic reproductions of his portraits and monuments that have been erected to his memory in the Old and New Worlds, and of the designs for the colossal monument projected by Alberto de Polacio. There is also a plan of the exhibition grounds and a picture of the buildings.' The special edition issued for American distribution is 'handled' by *L'Eco d'Italia* of this city.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

1668.—Can you give a constant reader the names of works or articles that will help in getting a knowledge of Spanish art and literature in the nineteenth century?

FORT COLLINS, COLORADO.

C.

[I do not know any book in English on exactly the topic you mention. Ticknor's History comes over into this century, and in Ford's, Borrow's and Col. Hay's books on Spain there is matter worth reading on literary subjects. A Frenchman, Boris de Tannenberg, has begun an elaborate treatment of modern Spanish literature, of which the first volume, at least (on poetry), has appeared. W. H. Bishop has an article in *Scribner's* (Vol. VII. p. 187) on 'A Day in Literary Madrid.' I may also mention a sketchy thing of my own in *The Cosmopolitan* for May, 1890,

on 'Leading Writers of Spain.' Señor Rialto has contributed an article on the year's literary movement in Spain to the *Athenaeum* summaries, for several years now—for the last time in the issue of July 2, 1892.
RVE, N. Y.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Appar, A. C. Trees of the Northern United States. \$1. Am. Book Co.
Austen, J. Emma. 2 vols. \$2.50 Boston: Roberts Bros.
Austen, J. Sense and Sensibility. 2 vols. \$2. Macmillan & Co.
Balsac, H. de Pierratte. Tr. by K. P. Wormeley. \$1.50 Boston: Roberts Bros.
Baring-Gould, S. Margery of Quether. \$1.25 Lovell, Guestfield & Co.
Besant, W. Verana Camelia Stephanotis, and Other Stories. 30c. Harper & Bros.
Black, W. Three Feathers. 30c. Harper & Bros.
Blackmar, F. W. Indian Education. 50c. Phila: Am. Academy of Political and Social Science.
Duckley, J. M. Ingersoll Under the Microscope. 6c. Hunt & Eaton.
Butterfield, D. Character Duty. Schenectady, N. Y.: Union College.
Chadwick, F. E. Temperament, Disease and Health. 75c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Clifford, Mrs. W. K. Aunt Anne. Harper & Bros.
Couperus, L. Footsteps of Fate. Tr. by C. Bell. D. Appleton & Co.

Crommelin, M. For the Sake of the Family. \$1.
Daintrey, L. Actmon. \$1.
Dawson, W. J. Quest and Vision. 90c.
Equitable Taxation. By W. E. Weyl, and others. 75c.
Gilmore, M. A Son of Esau.
Harvard Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature. Vol. I. \$1. Ginn & Co.
Hoffman, B. B. The Sloyd System of Wood Working. \$1. Am. Book Co.
Howells, W. D. A Letter of Introduction. Harper & Bros.
Hull, E. Volcanoes. \$1.25 Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Hutton L. From the Books of Laurence Hutton. Harper & Bros.
Lewis, A. H. Paganism Surviving in Christianity. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Matthews B., and Jessop, G. H. A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours. Harper & Bros.
Moorehead, W. K. Primitive Man in Ohio. \$3. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Morse, E. S. Terra-Cotta Roofing Tiles. Salem, Mass.: Essex Institute.
Nichol, J. Thomas Carlyle. Harper & Bros.
Orcutt, H. Home and School Training. \$1. Boston: Thompson, Brown & Co.
Perram, A. F. That Boy Mick. 75c. Harper & Bros.
Ralph, J. On Canada's Frontier. Price-McGill Co.
Rathbone, St. G. The Colonel by Brevet. St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co.
Rickoff, R. D. A Supplementary First Reader. 25c. Am. Book Co.
Scriptures of Benjamin the Giant Killer. 25c. Detroit, Mich.: Journal Pub Co.
Sinclair, W. McD. Technical Education. 6c. London: Moffatt & Paige.
Song Patriot, The. Compiled by C. W. Barden. 25c. Syracuse: C. W. Barden.
Spencer H. Principles of Ethics. Vol. I. \$3. D. Appleton & Co.
Trollope, F. E. That Wild Wheel. Harper & Bros.
Wilkins, M. E. Young Lucretia and Other Stories. Harper & Bros.

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